Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppresse
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natiue to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue
By laboursome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

19 hartely farwell. 15 hart 20 Fraunce
Antepenult. Hath, my lord, wrung—

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you.
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the son
Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eie looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Secke for thy noble father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Quee. If it be,
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam, nay it is, I knownot seemes,
Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
Nor customarie Sutes of solemne blacke,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the eie,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
That can deuoute me truly, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes shew,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamle*
To giue these mourning duties to your father,
But you must know your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A heart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

4 cosin
18 coold mother, 19 solembe 23 c
24 deuote 33 sorrowe. 35 stubbor
37 hart